

*Sarah Raymond*

I HAVE COME FROM A HAPPY LAND

The Celebrated

Dancing Girls Song

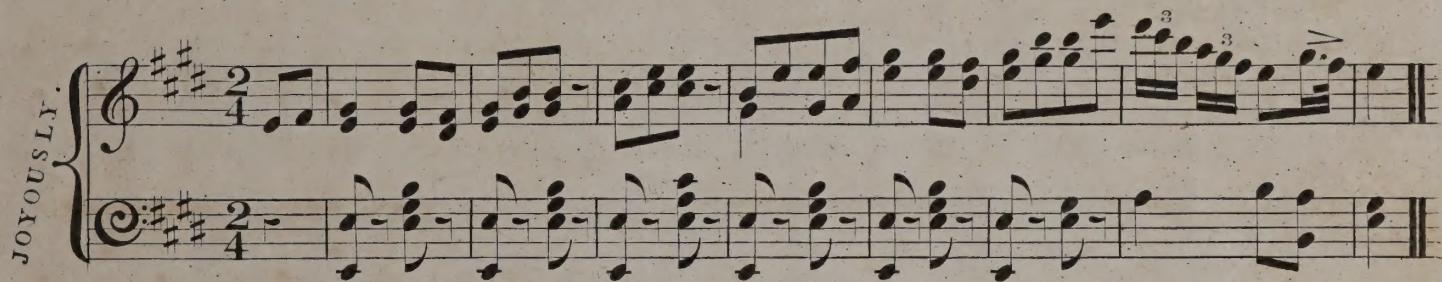
Arranged to an

Hindostan Air

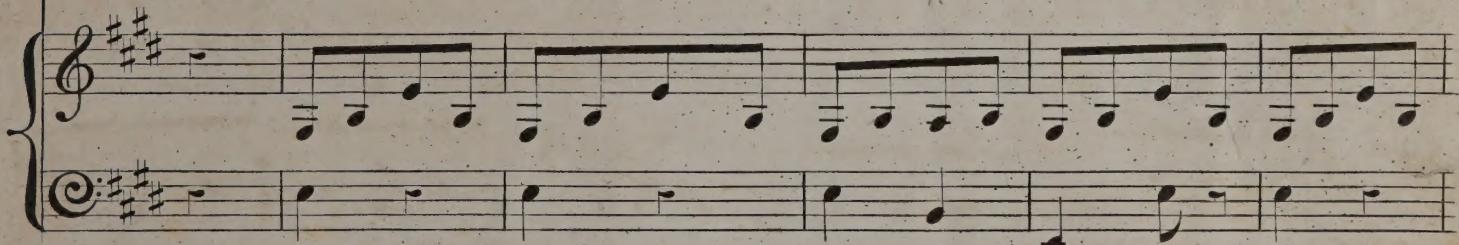
by

R. A. SMITH.

BOSTON: Published by PARKER & DITSON 135 Washington Street.



I have come from a happy land, Where care is un-known, I have part-ed a



mer-ry band To make thee mine own. Haste! haste! fly with me,



2

Where Love's banquet waits for thee; Thine its sweets shall be, Thine, thine a-lone.

2d VERSE.

The summer has its heavy cloud, The rose leaf will fall, But in our home joy

wears no shroud, Never does it pall.

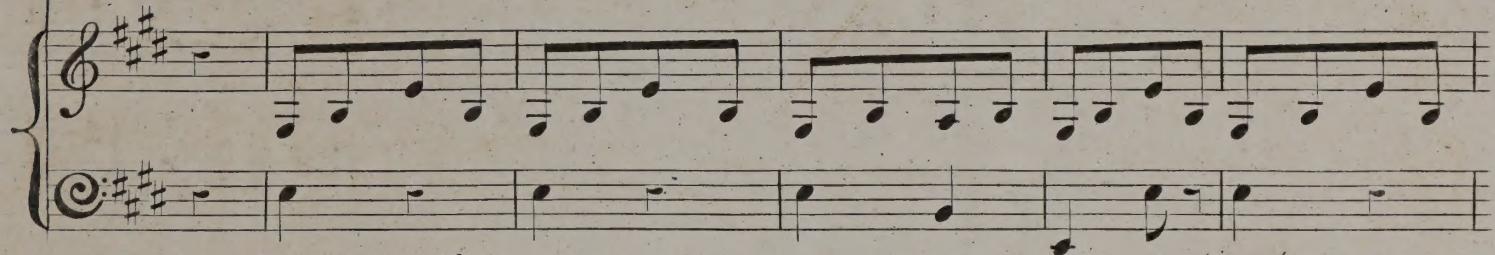
Each new morning ray

Leaves no sigh for yesterday; No smile passed away Would we re-call.

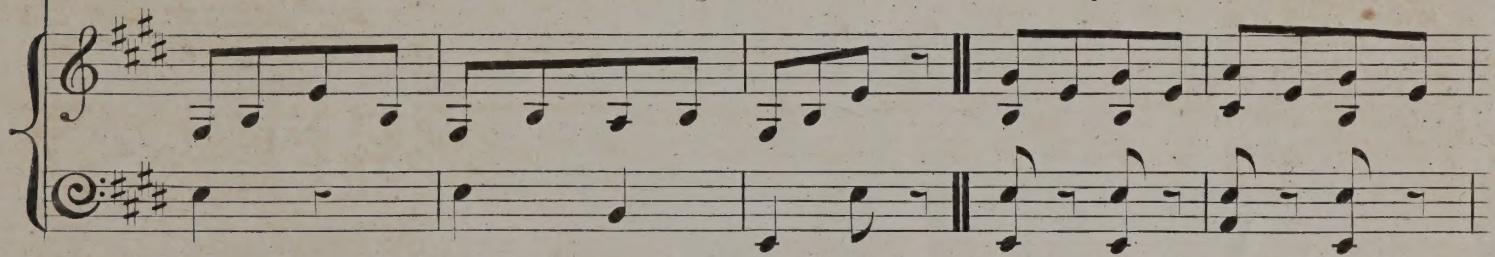


3d VERSE.

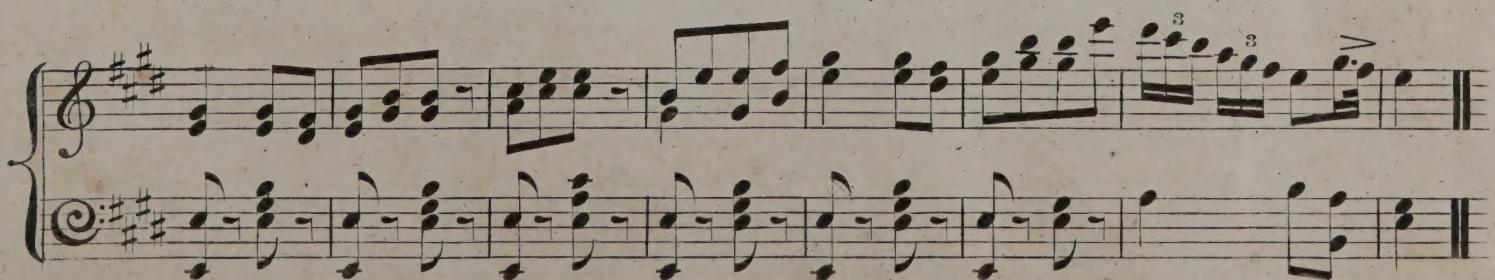
Is trouble on thy youthful brow, Sor-row on thy soul? O heed them not who



for thee now Wreath the midnight bowl! There you'll seek in vain



For a balm to banish pain; Nought your lip can drain Will grief con-troul.



4

4<sup>th</sup> VERSE.

But the touch of a gentle hand Trouble can re-move, And pain will cease when

lightly fanned By the breath of love. And when fond hearts beat To-

gether, sorrow must retreat, Touch'd by music meet For realms a-bove.

5.

Then hence to the happy land, where care is unknown,

And first in a merry band I'll make thee my own.

Haste! haste! fly with me, for love's banquet waits for thee;

Thine its sweets shall be, and thine alone.